

New and Original Designs for the Smart Woman

By Mildred Lodewick A Chic Frock for Summer Days.

Quite the surest way for a woman to gain her heart's desire when it concerns a new frock which must be had in a hurry, is for her to select some fascinating, daring design of fabric, and let herself be led by the hand to the sewing room to speed a few hours. The fastidious woman cannot find in the shops anything in summary attire to satisfy her, but fabrics in remnants or otherwise are to be had in variety at prices so low as to tempt even the most indifferent. Odd and elegant textures which early in the season brought exorbitant prices are now within the reach of all, and the judicious woman can find among them a few at least that can be made to serve the winter's as well as the summer's wear. In fact any woman with half an eye toward economy will plan when selecting a frock at this time to have the future time as well as the present one in mind. My design today shows a bold fancy striped material such as silk brocade or printed gauze willow, or chaille, constructed in a simple but attractive manner which will suggest indoor wear this winter as well as practical afternoon dress during the remaining summer and early autumn. The distinguishing feature of the design is the guimpe, which may be of varying



AN EFFECTIVE GUIMPE FROCK, RIBBON BOUND.

KWIZ

Under this head, The Evening World will print a short daily educational feature. The questions are scientifically balanced, and upon your ability to answer them correctly is measured the degree of general information you possess. Write down the answers to Kwiz each day without consulting books of reference, maps or other helps. The correct answers to the questions will be printed the following day. Kwiz will appear as an exclusive feature in this newspaper every day.

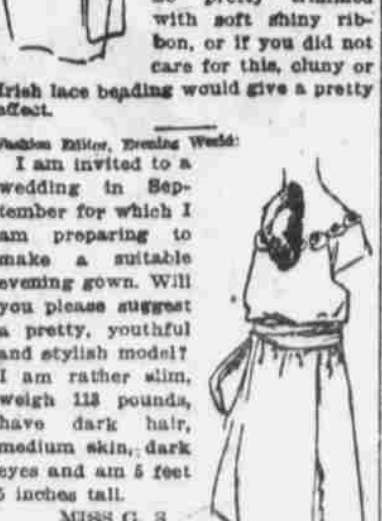
- ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S "KWIZ."
1. A support in Southern France; a combination of American soldiers.
  2. The smoking of opium, now greatly diminished.
  3. A German journalist, anti-royalist and exponent of a democracy.
  4. "The Raven," by Edgar A. Poe.
  5. Space; the limitless reach of the universe.
  6. A small.
  7. An Oriental aromatic gum obtained from a shrub of the same name.
  8. Texas.
  9. The Rio Grande.
  10. An Indian secret society whose members are said to persecute organized blackmail by terrorism.

- NEW QUESTIONS.
1. Who are Marlowe and Gethers?
  2. Where is Pike's Peak?
  3. What is fiction?
  4. What and where is Killarney?
  5. What is the meaning of the word "entertainment"?
  6. What is the meaning of the word "testament"?
  7. What is a sequel?
  8. What is the final word in the familiar sentence "And as a—"
  9. Who wrote "A Doll's House"?
  10. Who was Jefferson Davis?

THE FIRST LIBRARY. THE first library in America was opened at Harvard College 281 years ago. For over sixty years the Harvard collection of books was the only one of importance on the continent, but in 1760 a public library was founded in New York. In the following year the Yale library was founded and in 1781 Benjamin Franklin started a subscription library in Philadelphia, the first of its kind in America. The Library of the United States, now called the Library of Congress, was established in 1800, but was burned by the British in 1814. In 1851, when the collection numbered 50,000 volumes, the edifice was again almost destroyed by fire, although about a third of the books were saved. The Library of Congress of Washington now contains nearly two million volumes and is one of the finest in the world. The first public library recorded in history was founded in Athens in the year 540 B. C. England's first important library was that at St. Andrew's, established in 1411. The famous libraries at Cambridge and Oxford were founded in 1475 and 1558 respectively.

Irish lace beading would give a pretty effect.

MISS G. S. Pale blue taffeta would be pretty for this model, with padded pink tulle or chiffon roses. A touch of silver lace.



GIVE A GLIMPSE, LADIES! A pocketbook for handkerchiefs with a lining that can be removed and washed has been invented by a European nurse.

Notes through which babies' arms can be passed feature a recently patented blanket for infants, which is intended to keep its youthful wearers covered no matter how much they move about.

Reinforced protectors that feature a new swimming cap for women keep water out of a wearer's ears.

Leave It to Lou



THE FIVE MILLION

A Soldier Hero is Reported Dead; a Hated Rival Steals His Fiancee; His Own Brother Steals Some Bonds and Shifts the Blame to the Hero. Yet, He Overcame These Obstacles and More, and Marries—Another Girl

(Novelization by William A. Page of the play now being presented at the Lyric Theatre.)

CHAPTER XXI. LD Jefferson Adams, in great excitement, interrupted Doug's breakfast when he rushed into the Monahan home as Doug tackled the eggs which the charming Queenie had deposited in front of him with the coffee and rolls.

"Doug, I've some news for you," shouted the veteran, dropping hat and stick upon a chair and sitting down at the table next to Midge. The Bishop, bride and bridegroom, had departed—he to the office with the sporting page of the morning paper carefully tucked from the rest of the newspaper, and the young bride, Nick, to study her English by a careful perusal of the latest news.

"What's on your mind, grandpop?" inquired Doug, Midge leaped forward with eager interest.

"The Weavers have got out a warrant for your arrest," explained grandpop. "I met Callahan just as I was passing the station house, and he tipped me off. He hinted that he'd see the police station around until he had a chance to leave town."

"You don't think he's going to leave town, do you?"

"Of course I'm not going to leave town," declared Doug.

"I know you're not," said Doug. "Jefferson Adams," explained Doug, "has expanded his chest with pride in his grandson. 'I told Callahan if you didn't run from the Germans I was darned sure you wouldn't run from the Weavers,' he said. 'I have been practically agreed to accept that offer made me by Bristow and Washington to take a position in the law department of their firm. Now I may have to telegraph that I have been unavoidably detained by the Sheriff.'"

"Old Jefferson Adams shook his head doubtfully. 'There's one feature I don't care about. The District Attorney is a great friend of the Weavers.'"

"Yes, and it won't do an inch good if we try and have the case delayed until after election," commented Doug, thoughtfully. "It is practically settled that the next District Attorney is to be Otis Weaver himself."

"What! How do you know that?"

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The Yukon Trail A Tale of the North By William MacLeod Raine

CHAPTER XXII. THERE was a timid knock at the door of Monahan's boarding house. Midge, alone in the big living room that also served as the dining room, answered it. There on the doorstep stood Ruth Hunter, simply clad, and a look in her eyes, perhaps, a trifle thinner and lacking the healthy bloom on her cheeks which had been such an attractive charm to her beauty.

"Good morning, Midge," she said softly. "I want to see Doug."

Midge motioned her to enter, concealing her surprise as best she could. "He isn't home," she said, "but you can come in."

Ruth Hunter accepted the invitation. "He hasn't left town, has he?"

"Oh, no, he'll be back in a few minutes. Just went out to send a telegram. Won't you sit down?"

Ruth wearily dropped into an easy chair and sighed. "I suppose Doug has told you about—the way I treated him?"

"He hasn't told me a word," declared Midge, emphatically. "Why should he? But ever since that day when the troops came home and I came in and found you alone with that Weaver in the schoolroom, I knew that you had become engaged to him."

"But you see, I thought Doug was dead."

"You should think you must have believed every other man in the world was dead also, to become engaged to that Bert Weaver!"

Ruth was silent for a moment, and then spoke very humbly. "You haven't come around just to tell me something I already knew?"

"No," replied Ruth, sadly. "I've come to have a talk with Doug, and to ask him to forgive me."

Midge swallowed a bit, for there was a hard lump in her throat at this unexpected change of attitude on the part of Ruth Hunter. If Doug did forgive her, and they should become engaged again, what would become of her?—but she smiled just the same. "I see—you still love him?"

"I've been trying for days to get up sufficient courage to tell Doug," Midge pleaded a bit, a little hysterical laugh. "Who do you think I am—John Alden—to plead your case for you?"

Ruth Hunter laid her hand affectionately on Midge's arm. "We used to be friends, I know you like Doug and want him to be happy. Oh, Midge, won't you just tell him I was here, and explain the way I feel toward him?"

Midge gazed straight into Ruth's eyes, she promised. "All right—I'll tell him."

"Thank you, Midge. I know he'll listen to you. He's quite fond of you, Midge. He told me so."

Midge laughed, and there was almost a rolicking, despairing note in her voice as she spoke this time. "Is he really? Think I'm rather a nice little thing, eh? All right—I'll tell him your secret, Ruth."

"Tell him also," added Ruth, "that I'll be at home to night about 8 o'clock, if he cares to call."

"Oh, yes, I'll tell him that too," Midge laughed again. "I'll do everything I can to make him call on you to-night, Ruth—if he wants to. I'll put it to him straight, and if he wants to see you, you must expect him about 8. I promise it."

Before Ruth could take her departure a sudden, peremptory knock on the door made her start. Midge opened it, and upon the threshold stood the Weavers, father and son. The older Weaver strode in imperiously without waiting for an invitation, while Bert Weaver stood behind him. He started with surprise when he saw Ruth.

"We want to see Adams," commanded the older Weaver, taking off his hat.

"Adams is not at home," replied Midge. "Won't you sit down?"

"Very well, we will wait," said Otis Weaver. "Sit down, Bert."

Bert Weaver edged carefully toward Ruth, but she, at Midge, with vivid recollections of their last meeting when she had slapped his face, said, "I won't sit here."

"Aren't you much more grown up now?" said the older Weaver. "What the devil are you doing here, Ruth? He inquired, angrily.

"I don't see that it is any of your business," Ruth's tone was defiant. "But I don't mind admitting that I came to see Douglas Adams."

"Oh, so that's what you're at, is it?" sneered Bert. "It's pretty hard to tell just who you are engaged to."

Ruth passed him contemptuously and went to the door. She turned. "It won't be hard for any one to tell the next time we meet, that I am not engaged to you."

"And Midge, dear," continued Ruth, "you won't forget to tell Doug that I'll be at home this evening—if he cares to call."

Midge closed the door after her and faced the Weavers.

"I don't think Mr. Adams will be at home at 8 o'clock this evening," ventured Bert, sarcastically. "Midge came close to him."

"Say, she said, meaningly, 'I promised Doug to get him out of town too much on that promise. He won't come down and give your father a rest.' She almost pushed him into an easy chair and he flopped without difficulty. She picked up a big book and forced it into his hands. He took it mechanically without looking at the title. 'And here's something for you to read—The History of the Great War.'"

Bert grabbed the book and threw it haphazardly across the room in disgust. Midge smiled and went into the kitchen, leaving the Weavers in full possession of the living room.

The older Weaver approached his son cautiously, as though fearful they would be overheard.

"You don't think there is any chance of the old lady getting soft on that man, do you?"

Bert snapped his fingers in decision. "I told you what she said. She didn't want to get mixed up in it at all, and said she would never have mentioned the matter of these six missing bonds that Doug Adams took when he was a soldier, except to be afraid we might let Adams handle some of her affairs while he worked in our office."

"But you told her it was her duty to the public to prosecute, didn't you?"

"Sure, in order to protect other people. She'll go through. She's been sore on all soldiers since Phil Bishop, who was engaged to her daughter, came home with that 'French wife.'"

Doug Adams and his brother, Grant, entered suddenly, were surprised to see the Weavers seated

Advice on Courtship And Marriage

By Betty Vincent

Love and Age. "P" whether he "shall try to forget the girl he loves" because she is ten years younger than he, or "try to teach her to care, despite the fact that he is 27 and she is 17?"

Must one always repeat and repeat that love is not a matter of age, race, creed or caste. It is a matter of personal, spiritual and intellectual companionship. It is fitness. Sympathy. A girl of twenty may be in all ways but actual years older than a man of thirty-five. A man of sixty is sometimes younger in heart and body than a chap in his twenties. So many elements enter into physical, moral and mental fitness that age is only one small part.

When there is so great a disparity of age as to cause a natural separation of interests, then, and then only, do years count against the game of love. The average man and woman with ten years difference in their ages are certainly not unaltered because of this difference. It is not enough to count. The things that count are tastes, sympathies, temperaments.

"Bonnie," on the other hand, writes that she "is ashamed to tell her fiancé that she is four years older than he." Her mother, she says, "thinks it terrible she should marry a man younger than herself." And what shall she do about it all?

The same arguments that apply to "Fusalee's" case fit "Bonnie's" without this addition: That it is not an uncommon for a woman considerably her husband's senior to be a better wife to him than the girl who is younger than he. The reason is simple. Woman is naturally maternal. Every wife "mother" her husband to more or less extent. It is part of woman's nature to "take care" of her man and treat him like a child. It is therefore not incongruous for an older woman to marry a younger man and combine wisely love with mother love, to the benefit and happiness of all concerned.

It is only when there is too great a disparity in ages that the partnership promises danger. It is revealing to the average mind for a wife to be in "actual years" her husband's "mother." But "Bonnie's" four years should not seriously count against her, all other things being equal.

Jams and Marmalades and Fruit Pastes, Too, Put Tongues a-Quiver.

JAMS are made of small fruits not whole or uniform enough to use for preserves. No attempts is made in jam to retain the original shape of the fruit. The finished product has a uniform consistency. Marmalades have a more jelly-like texture and thin slices of the fruit appear suspended throughout the mixture. In fruit butters and pastes less sugar is used than in the jams and the products are more concentrated. Jams and pastes utilize to the best advantage the crushed and broken fruit left after canning, but fruit which has been secured in handling or is too ripe for jelly making and preserving also makes excellent jam and paste. Do not use decayed or spoiled fruit for any purpose.

A variety of fruit may be used for jams and pastes, for pectin is not necessary as in jelly or marmalade making. For variety, different fruits may be combined into one jam. A mild and tart combination is usually best. Strawberries and pineapples, peaches and pineapples, raspberries and currants, are all excellent jam combinations.

Jams should be cooked rapidly in a porcelain-lined vessel, and should be stirred with a wooden spoon or paddle. Almost constant stirring is necessary to prevent burning. The amount of sugar employed in making jam is a matter of choice. About three-fourths as much sugar as berries is the most common proportion, but with fruits which are rich in natural sugars less may be used.

When the mixture has boiled for the proper consistency, place the jam in jelly glasses or pint containers. These should have been boiled for 15 minutes before filling. Pour the melted paraffin over the surface when the jam is cool. If the jam is placed in pint containers, screw on boiled paraffin immediately after the jar is filled.

Marmalades require fruit which has pectin. When finished, the fruit should appear in small pieces throughout the jellylike mixture. For marmalades, prepare the fruit, cut in small pieces or slices (if large fruits are used), and boil in a syrup containing the whole mass is of a jelly consistency. It may be put into jelly glasses or pint jars.

Fruit pastes are made from the inedible portion of fruit which, after cooking, has been passed through a sieve and then cooked until the excess water is driven off. Only a small amount of sugar is required. A combination of different kinds of fruit pulp makes a delightfully flavored paste. When the pulp is boiled down until very thick pour in one-half inch layers upon marble or glass slabs upon a platter. Place where there is a strong circulation of air and allow the paste to dry for two or three days. When it is sufficiently dry, cut into one-inch squares. Roll in granulated sugar and place again in a draft of air. Paste may be packed in tin boxes, glass jars or paraffin-coated containers.

"Be careful—that's just what the Kaiser said when they told him that bunch of five million boys were going to beat him."

"Oh, I don't say that the soldiers vote isn't to be reckoned with," admitted the astute Weaver, i gratifyingly. "But let me tell you one thing more. You get out of town quick. They want a warrant for your arrest."

"Oh, I supposed you'd take some action long ago for breaking into my safe," laughed Doug. "Do the soldiers shoot?"

"This warrant is not for breaking into my safe," thundered the older Weaver. "It is for embezzlement. The charge is brought by Mrs. Bishop, who accuses you of stealing six bonds from her at the time you were settling up her late husband's estate."

"But those bonds were replaced long ago," interrupted Grant Adams, in frenzy. "She's been paid in full."

"That does not alter the fact that Douglas Adams appropriated those six bonds to his own use, embezzlement and a violation of trust in the eyes of the law," declared Otis Weaver. "And since she has requested us as her attorneys to prosecute, we will do so. There is only one alternative, Adams—quit this case for the District Attorneyship, and you will be served. What do you say?"

(To be concluded tomorrow.)